




No 8050.12



H.S.





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Rajelito, Spanish air.	Garcia.	No. 1.
Banners of blue.	G. F. Stansbury.	43.
Bid me discourse.	H. R. Bishop.	34.
Butterfly, moth and bee.	J. Barnett.	45.
Captive knight, The.	Hemans,	35.
Chimes of Zurich.	C. E. Horn.	26.
Crier, The.	" " "	42.
Cupid and time.	C. Smith.	14.
Even as the sun with purple colour'd face.	C. E. Horn.	33.
Follow follow thro' the sea.	Martini.	41.
Giovinette, from Don Giovanni.		48.
Hark! hark! through the wild wood.	Alex. Lee.	30.
Highlander's bride.	John Barnett.	47.
I will not weep to day.	Spohr.	23.
"I'm thine e'en for ever."	W. R. Hayward.	38.
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!	T. H. Bayly.	15.
Last words of Marmion.	John Clarke.	37.
Little blind boy, The.	John Barnett.	10.
Lo here the gentle lark.	H. R. Bishop.	44.
Love from the heart.	Carl von Weber.	8.
Love's ritornella, from The brigand.		24.
Mermaid duett, The.	Mrs. C. R. Wilson.	7.
Milkmaid, The.	Walter Turnbull.	40.
Milliners, The.	Auber.	36.
Moss roses.	John Barnett.	16.
Moon's, The, on the lake.	Alex. Lee.	29.
Moorish maid, The.	C. E. Horn.	13.

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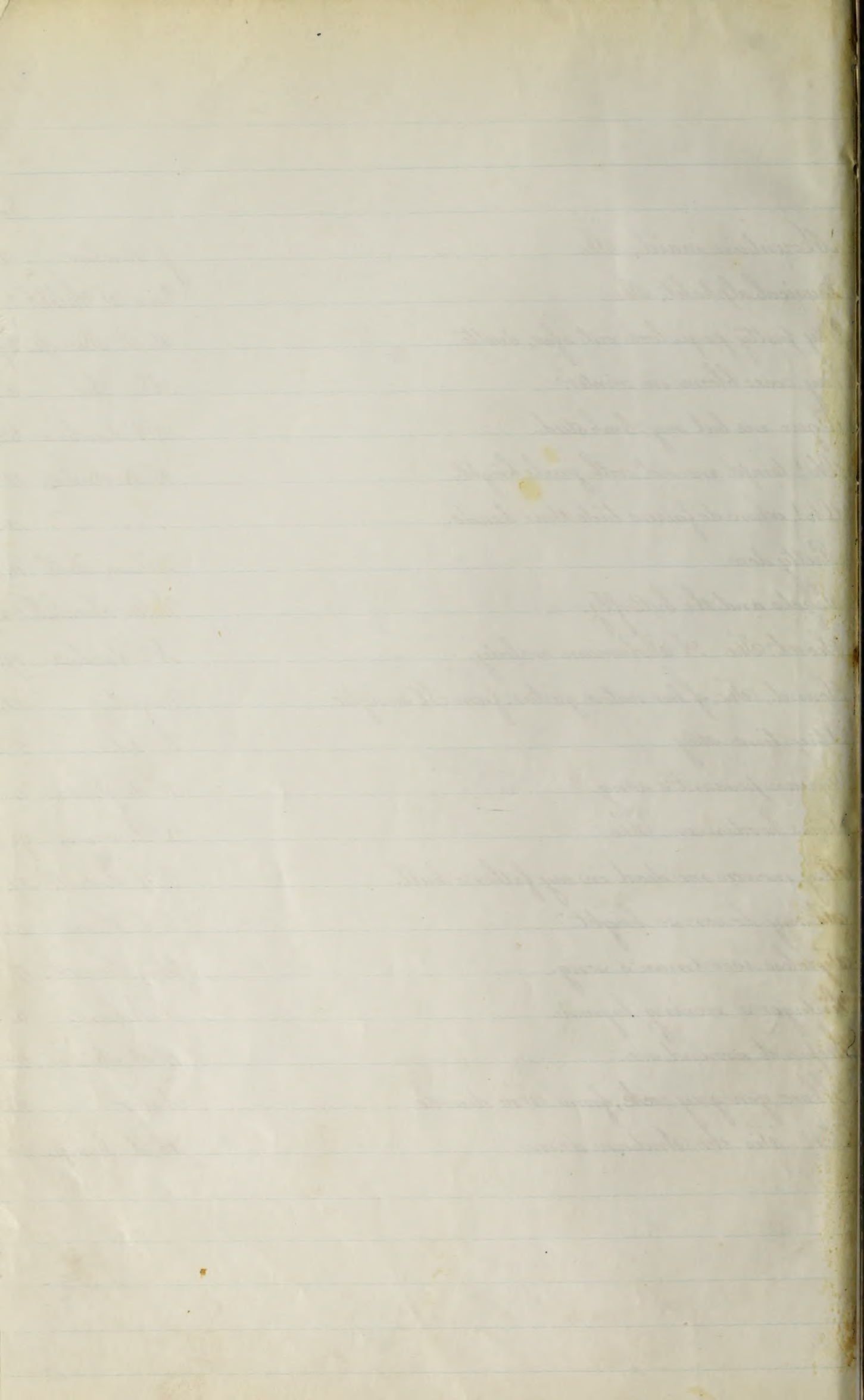
J. N. Williams

April 4, 1866

11/2/66

Mountain maid, *The*.  
 Musical alphabet, *The*.  
 My pretty page, look out afar, duetto.  
 My roses bloom in winter.  
 O give me but my Arab steed.  
 Oh! tempt me not with jewels bright.  
 Oh! where do fairies hide their heads.  
 Pretty dove.  
 Psyche and the butterfly.  
 Secret, *The*. A Bohemian melody.  
 Sound, *The*, of her native guitar, from Il seraglio.  
 Stay time stay.  
 Styrian peasant's song.  
 Swiss herdsman, *The*.  
 They mourn me dead in my father's hall.  
 To my bower so bright.  
 Tyrolean woodman's song.  
 Vintage's evening hymn.  
 Weep not around me.  
 Where yon grey rock, from Tra diavolo.  
 Yes! 'Tis the Indian drum.

	No.
J. Sinclair.	12.
Mrs. T. Welsh.	3.
H. R. Bishop.	39.
Alex. Lee.	6.
T. A. Rawlins.	32.
H. R. Bishop.	18.
. . .	20.
William Ball.	11.
Walter Turnbull.	22.
N. C. Rochsa.	19.
Mozart.	21.
E. Solis.	2.
H. R. Bishop.	4.
L. Devereaux.	9.
G. H. Rodwell.	27.
C. E. Horn.	31.
John Barnett.	17.
S. Nelson.	5.
H. R. Bishop.	28.
Auber.	25.
H. R. Bishop.	46.







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THE  
*Vintagers Evening Hymn*

*For one two or three Voices.*

COMPOSED BY

S. NELSON.

NEW YORK

*Published by F. S. Mosier, N° 28.  
Wall Street.*

# The Vintager's Evening Hymn,

LARGHETTO  
CON  
ESPRESSIONE.

ff Convent Bell. *p* Legato. *f* *p*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with a 'Convent Bell' effect marked *ff*, followed by a *p* Legato section and a final *f* and *p* dynamic. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

SOLO.

'Tis ev'ning and the

*p* *Cres.* *pp* *p*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "'Tis ev'ning and the". The piano accompaniment features a *p* Crescendo, followed by *pp* and *p* dynamics.

sun's last gleam, Beneath the wave will soon be gone; But ere it leaves the

*f* *p*

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sun's last gleam, Beneath the wave will soon be gone; But ere it leaves the". The piano accompaniment features a *f* dynamic followed by a *p* dynamic.

mountain stream, Our vin tage la...bour will be done.

ff Convent Bell.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "mountain stream, Our vin tage la...bour will be done." The piano accompaniment features a *ff* Convent Bell effect.

sweet to rest from toil a while, And when the shades of night are come; To

meet the cheering welcome smile, That waits us at our peaceful home.

Hark! hark, the pealing vesper bell, From toil un... to de...

Hark! hark, the pealing vesper bell, From toil un... to de...

Hark! hark, the pealing vesper bell, From toil un... to de...

*Cres.*

vo. tion calls; Of hope and joy it seems to tell, As sweetly on the ear it falls,

vo. tion calls; Of hope and joy it seems to tell, As sweetly on the ear it falls,

vo. tion calls; Of hope and joy it seems to tell, As sweetly on the ear it falls,

*Cres.*

Gloria ti bi, Do mi ne! Do mi ne! Do mi ne!

Gloria ti bi, Do mi ne! Do mi ne! Do mi ne!

Gloria ti bi, Do mi ne! Do mi ne! Do mi ne!

*pp*

*Distant Organ*

*Cres.*

*pp Legato.*

*Cres.*





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